Doc Savage Quarterly

October
1981



Contributors will receive a free issue of any Doc Savage Quarterly in which their major contributions appear in. If you would like your contributions to be returned please allow for the cost of return postage. If your contribution is typed please type it singlespaced if possible so it won't have to be retyped by the editor, Bill Laidlaw (also known as the Slowest Typewriter in the West).

Publishing dates are as follows:

January 22, 1982....deadline for contributions & ads is January 1
April 16, 1982..... " " " " " April 1
October 15, 1982.... " " " " " October 1

Classified ads $2 for up to 30 words (or 5 lines typed singlespaced if sent ready to go so I don't have to retype it including artwork if you want or even business card. If ready to print as is is $1 per ad)

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Backissues are available: $2 each

DSQ#1 Doc & Star Trek, pulp/Bantom list, Hidalgo Trading Corp in 1979
2 183 Doc titles in alpha order, the real Man of Mystery, Clark Sr, HMSS
3 the Red Baron/Doc/Avenger, Clark Sr continued, Cargo Unknown copy
4 the real Terror for the Navy, Code of Doc Savage, Doc Award, Yellow Cloud
5 Transportation in 30's, A Recurring Little Villain, Mayan numbers, Hercules
6 letter from Clark, John Sunlite's mother & real name, Doc Comic #1, Shadow

If you order 5 at once deduct 50¢ from total.

DOC SAVAGE - RON ELY color picture puzzle (unopened & still sealed in origional box)

BANTOM says the next double book (in January) is THE SHAPE OF TERROR with the other half being DEATH HAD YELLOW EYES. At this rate Bantom is putting out Doc Savage adventures at a rate of 8 per year, compared to just 6 a year when they were single issues books.

Body Chemistry

A 150-pound man is made up of

92.4 lbs. oxygen	1.02 lbs. iron
31.6 lbs. carbon	0.34 lbs. potassium
14.8 lbs. hydrogen	0.24 lbs. sulphur
4.6 lbs. nitrogen	0.12 lbs. sodium
2.8 lbs. phosphorous	0.04 lbs. magnesium
1.12 lbs. chlorine	0.02 lbs. flourine

GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

It's Ralph, the reluctant super-hero and his lawyer/girlfriend/confidante whose professional skills he's in constant need of to help get him out of trouble with the police in ABC-TV's action/adventure/comedy series, "The Greatest American Hero."

Suicide attempt costs $400,000

WUERZBURG, West Germany (AP) — A 29-year-old man failed in his third suicide attempt but set off a gas explosion that injured himself and six other persons and did $400,000 damage to 10 homes and two automobiles, police reported.

The police did not identify the man.

The weed of crime bears bitter fruit — The Shadow Knows.

Allyson 81

This is issue #7 with the printed date 16 October 1981. The excellent cover has been done by Samuel Joyner with ink by Allyson and date by Joe Iwandowski (well I combined it altogether anyway). The previous issue had an article about Doc Savage Comics. This issue has a follow-up, also by Steve, giving you a word picture of what the comic looked like page by page.

Also in this issue is a reprint of two from the pulps supplied by Sam Joyner as well as from my own pulps, contributions from Tom Johnson, Nick Carr, Bill Laidlaw (who?), Dafydd Neal Dyar, Link Hollar, the calligraphy from Allyson Whitfield of New Rochelle NY (she's planning to skip town and change her name), and info from Banton Burroughs of Tarzana, CA.

The last issue came out on 17 July, a date which made headlines in the news. Two railways suspended partly by cables in a Kansas City hotel collapsed, killing 111 people in the worst hotel accident in U.S. since the 1940s. Perhaps the most tragic part of it was that experts concluded it could have been prevented if the hotel had been built along traditional lines. The design was simply so new that Kansas City building codes didn't cover it adequatly, the same reason for the terrible MGM Las Vegas Hotel fire a year ago November 22. The las Vegas code was greatly improved and presumably now the Kansas City code also will be. I don't know why people have to be killed or injured before things get done. Both of the buildings are now reopened for business by the way, which is more than I can say about 3 Mile Island or the local Diablo Canyon nuclear plant. Enuf of that.

President Reagan met with Ford, Nixon & Carter in the Whitehouse on October niner, it was the first time in history 4 Presidents met in the Whitehouse for any common reason and only the 3rd time in history that there were even 4 US Presidents alive at one time. They met to discuss plans of the 3 former Presidents to visit Egypt for Sadat's funeral. President Reagan set Sadat for the 1st and last time in August. Speaking of Reagan, the President's helicopter was almost hit by a plane in California when both were assigned the same runway by a supervisor filling in for fired/striking air traffic controllers.

It is no secret that Banton does not consider Doc Savage one of its favorite times, but do you know what their best line is? It is a series of romantic books written by a lady who is now Lady Diana's mother. Her syrupy novels have sold in the multiple millions, and sales are certainly not going to go down now.

You may remember Doc using a collapsable boat in various adventures. Well, a San Quintin inmate who has just been captured in Boston built a kayak out of sheet plastic, masonite and glass binding which they got from the prison warehouse. He and his 2 buddies sailed to freedom 26 months ago with rub-a-dub dub stenciled on the side which threw off guards suspicions who saw it sailing.

Last Easter firefighters rescued a man who had been stuck in a chimney for 6 days when a passerby heard him yelling for help. He was then arrested on the suspicion of burglary at the store the chimney was on.

Because of the increased traffic to Disney World in Florida, the Orlando airport is being built anew. Of coarse their were a couple of problems when inspectors checked it over. For one thing there were no restrooms for the est imated 6 million passengers a year in the plans. That was corrected in time but the glass used in the shuttle tunnel were reflective so that people riding on the special cars at 30mph would turn the corner to see another car headed for them at 60mph combined speed. The glass was replaced. When inspectors went back to check the changes they noticed that all the escalators are marked "up".

In an agricultural town in New York upstate a grape grower has found something that really keeps the raccoons out of the goodies. A radio turned to the news. The little animals cant stand the constant blab of news although the regular music doesn't bother them at all. Added one sam "Concentrated news programs...relating without let-up or relief our social and political foolishness, offend their sensibilities ((more likely the wild animals think there are people there on guard))

The DSQ is published January, April, July & October on the 3rd Friday (the same day the pulp used to come out) to promote Doc.

Dear Bill:

I just received a copy of your DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY through the good offices of my daughter Dyana and was quite impressed with the progress you have made since #5. That 19¢stamp brought back almost as many memories as your earlier article on trains did, primarily because the aircraft pictured on it is one of my own designs! What a remarkable coincidence!

Your fictionalization of my childhood was very touching, if inaccurate in places. Females were allowed, but they were always adults and usually professional nurses and governesses. I never did any weapons development in the Great War, outside of some improvements I suggested to my fellow aviators, and certainly never did any work with poison gas. But you hit a very responsive chord in the lack of human contact and the thrill of wearing a uniform. My flying instructor's name was Curtiss by the way...

In your movie review of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, you incorrectly stated that "the real goal was the death sword of Jesus Christ and it was the Nazis that won the race to that in France! The artifact you were thinking of was the Spear of Longinus ((also known as an Argue)) later known as the Heilige Lance, which the Nazis took from the Hofburg Museum in Vienna when they annexed Austria. The spear is supposedly consecrated by the blood of Christ when it pierced his side (John 19;34) and it was later required to make its bearer invincible in battle. (It was later recaptured by Patton when he advanced on Nuremburg)). Hitler was a great believer in the occult and did indeed obsessively collect holy relics.

Regarding the blurb for Ja San, Mitsubishi was not exactly the sole power behind the Japanese throne. The ZAIBATSU, a collaborative organization of Japanese Industrialists which included Mitsubishi, were the guiding forceof Japanese imperialism in the 1930s and 40s.

I'm rather looking forward to DSQ# 7...

very sincerely yours,
Clark Savage, Junior

Dear Bill;

I just received the Doc Savage #6 and I truly enjoyed it. I was especially interested in Will Murray's letter and the article THE NEVER-WAS ADVENTURE. Many, many thanks for remembering me.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Norma Dent, 225 N. Church St.
La Plata, MO 63549

Dear Bill-

There was a Col. Savage who owned a railroad in Minnisota known as the Dan Patch Lines. He also owned the great racehorse pacer Dan Patch. It was the only railroad ever named for a racehorse. The railroad was reorganized with the death of Col. Savage in 1918 and renamed the Minnlapolis, Northfield & Southern RR.

W.R. Fairchild, Lomita, CA

Bill;

You are probably aware I am not the avid died-in-the-wool Doc Savage fan but I do have a fondness for Doc having grown up with him. Thanks for the comments on the BOOK column, I enjoy writing it. About the only thing I don't like writing is articles on what might have taken place or who met who during the pulp period. I did this early on and in a book on G-8 where I surmised the G-8 was one of the pilots who shot down King Kong. Wooda or Nick--either one--I use Nick mostly on articles. Best,

WOODA N. CARR, Mesa, ARIZ

Dear Bill; The address you used was 4 years out of date((out of his book)) Sorry, I don't have a review on LORD OF THE TREES/MAD GOBLIN. Best,

PHILIP JOSE FARMER, Peoria, IL

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Dear Bill:

Received DSG 6 today — I wish the mail were consistently this prompt. In any case, it got here and quite timely to boot and chock full of interesting goodies. EYE OF DAY reproduced very nicely — I was afraid the fancy type might not do too well, or that it might be reduced or something.

To your enclosed letter: I have no objection to my address being published, as sometimes incoming mail is few and far between and I enjoy hearing from new and unknown fans — the old ego-boo, y'know. As to the 13th Floor lab, since Dent never chronologized his notes we don't know how long that went on. There would've been a dozen times more floor space on the 13th than on the 40th or 86th, but after awhile Doc would've gotten fed up with having to go down 67 to 73 floors each time he wanted something from the lab, so inevitably he must have consolidated all but his most provate apartments on the one floor, whichever it was.

Somehow I just can't see Doc, even as a youngster, ever losing sight of the humanity of a people just because they're the enemy. If you look at his attitude in WWI, you'll see that he always took a softer line toward the "Japs" at a time when racist slurs were commonplace flook at how Dick Calkins characterized them in BUCK ROGERS — albeit as "Martians" — or some of the "Japanazi" caricatures that Captain America battled in Atlas-Timely Comics in the WDs) and he always ascribed the horrific deeds of the Nazis to their leaders and that select few who actually performed said deeds rather than the German people as a whole.

In short, while I can accept him rushing off to find honor and glory in the manly art of war (as it was then thought), I cannot see him devising a MORE deadly poison gas or other such genocidal weapon. He, like Sergeant York, would be more characterized by a desire to avoid conflict while still winning objectives, killing only when necessary and capturing large numbers of the enemy single-handedly without firing a single shot. Maybe High Eagle would have taught him that it is more glorious to "count coup" on a foe than to slay him ...

DAFYDD NEAL DYAR, HSC Box 283
APO SF 96334

Dear Bill-

As for Flo's review (that should be "review"), I must agree with Bill in that what Florence Breen gave us was not a review, in fact, I don't know what it was. My stupid impression was that, as Bill points out in his editorial in #6, that a review must assume that the reader has not read the book in question which means that a synopsis of the book would have been helpful. Now I happened to have read the book plus the preceeding book, A Feast Unknown, yes, I agree, both books are very violent and bloody but so is the real world. Taking a few of Flo's"review" point by point: Hugo awards which you ask how he could have won them (which is what I interpret her "I cannot believe that Mr. Farmer has Hugo credits to his name." The Hugo awards are voted by the attending and supporting members of the World Science Fiction Convention (WorldCon) - anyone can join and vote. So I guess you will have to blame us poor fen for voting Mr. Farmer a Hugo, Mr. Breen (count me in the guilty). And to tackle the main point of this "review", if Philip José Farmer wanted to write a story about Tarzan and Doc Savage he would have used the names (let's forget for a moment that the ERB, Inc. people would probably have not granted permission for the obvious bastardization of its character, witness the problem that Bo Derek and the editors of High Society had with them) but obviously, he was taking the essence of both Tarzan and Doc and making them into his own characters. I think if you had read A Feast Unknown first, you would have realized that. Of course, while I consider what Florence Breen has written not to be a review, my hope is that she find out how to write a review and really review The Lord of the Trees/Mad Goblin.



Onward and upward, I really enjoyed #6 and would say that the contents would rival any pulp fanzine on the market. Just one comment on Dafydd Neal Dyar's article, "The Eye of the Day" on Mata Hari who he contends is John Sunlight's mother, my impression with Fu Manchu waiting until she was 18 to bear John I felt was due more to the fact that it is (and I believe was) a proven fact that women over 18 years of age had a better chance of carrying the child full-term than a woman/child of less than 18 years. Somehow I seriously doubt that Fu would be that much of a stickler for making sure no scandal would be attached to the birth of his son.

Allyson Whitfield, HSC Box 283
APO SF 96334

Dafydd- Thanks for the Bama article. I read my 1st Doc book (1000 Headed Man) without noticing the cover at all so my version of Doc was strictly Dent's description When i finished the book & noticed the front cover I looked like an old man fighting a snake (which was not in the story) and the 5 on back cover were not as my mind had pictured them. Dafydd interviewed Doc in the DOC SAVAGE CLUB READER by the way, and says Doc has agreed to answer a few questions from fans. Anyone who has not sent one or two questions for Doc to the DSCR may send them care of: DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY, Box 301, San Luis Obis, CA 93406. Allyson- Thanks for the comments and quotes which are to be found in this issue as well as the front cover title. Mine is definitly the best Doc Savage zine in regular publication (because it's also the only one in pub).

Bill Laidlaw, Editor Overwerous

Dear Bill;

The back issues arrived today, and I've already gone through each one- really enjoyed them- and have been working on their index cards. Appreciate your help, and I'll look forward to receiving future issues. NE the Age of the Unicorn- no backissues at all available. Best for now!

Mike L. Cook
Evansville, IND

Bill,

One thing I find repulsive, of late, is the way the Hollywood seers continue to 'camp up' the classic Heroic mythos. The Lone Ranger movie was a dismal failure ((as was the Doc movie)). I will not see the new Tarzan movie, it merely filmed the # of things Bo Derek can get swinging simultaneously! If they camp up the new Conan movie, I will invoke spells of box office failure!

John Hook, Charlotte, NC

Dear Bill,

I am enclosing a flyer of my publications. Alas, none of them even so much as mentions Doc! When I got back in pulpfandom (after an absence of 35 yrs) I noticed that there was a lot of Doc stuff available (Bantons, BSGs, and wills QUESSY items) so I decided to concentrate (HAH!) on what was left. Right now I am working on my latest zine, CLOAK & PISTOL, which had its genesis in 1977 but only now is coming to fruition. Forty pages (8½x11), all typeset, 2 columns per page with margins justified, high quality paper throughout, both covers by Hamilton, several illos by Powell, lots of reproductions of pulp illos, 4 articles on pulphero matterial. It will be my first zine to be printed offset instead of Xerox. I hope to have it ready for printing by September and ready to mail by October.Then I hope to take the rest of the year off & do some reading and writing. Anyhow, please put aside a set of backissues for me and jog my memorylater on. Take care,

Joseph Lewandowski, SandsamSapistran
San Juan Capistrano, CA

Dear Bill;

The DSGs and your letter arrived today. You have a very good pub - enjoyable, interesting, friendly, informal, and well-produced. The 6 issues you sent were a real treat I hope you are proud of this fine fanzine for it is quite an accomplishment. You and the DSG are appreciated. P.S. In case you did not know, Banton Doc 107/108 Jiu San and Black Black Witch is out! Great dual cover- the best yet in my opinion.

Best wishes,
Link Hullar, Houston, Texas

"I'm not against the police; I'm just afraid of them." — Alfred Hitchcock

THE BAMA LEGACY

by Dafydd Neal Dyar

The argument has long raged, hot and heavy, as to which portrayal of Doc Savage is the "correct" one: the Baumhofer image of the original pulps ... or the Bama image of the Bantam reprints. The dividing line is simple enough -- it's a simple generation gap between those who grew up with the originals and those who grew up with the reprints, compounded by straddlers like myself who got turned on to the series by the reprints and then discovered the glorious pulps.

Baumhofer/Bama, Bama/Baumhofer ... the two names have been stacked against eavh other so long that there's a tendency to forget such luminaries as Emory Clarke and Robert G. Harris -- "Oh, yes, they're of the Baumhofer school!" -- and Boris Vallejo and Bob Larkin -- "Oh, yes, the Bama imitators!" -- completely. But we've also overlooked a lot more.

What about Paul Orban? His rendition of Doc began simultaneously with Walter Baumhofer's and was completely different ... yet he is overlooked along with his successors in the interior B&W illo field, John Falter and Edd Cartier. This is a serious oversight, for had things gone just slightly different, Orban might now be considered the "definitive" Doc Savage! You see, in 1935 he did the continuity of a Doc Savage syndicated newspaper comic strip which unfortunately was not picked up. If it had, and Doc had caught on like the Flash Gordon and Prince Valiant and Tarzan strips of the previous year, Paul Orban's name would be the one associated with Doc-in-pictures and not just as a satellite eclipsed by the Baumhofer legend.

The Bama Legacy -- skullcap, widow's peak, torn shirt and wrinkles -- is one of the forest within the trees, the shadow captured without the substance. None of the men who took up the brush for Bama has ever captured the feeling he put into it as the meticulously duplicated the outward trappings. Boris Vallejo would've done better to avoid the Bama image altogether, since it jarred with his style. Look at the cover he did for Burroughs' THE MONSTER MEN and you'll see that he'd've had a better visualization of Doc without the ripped shirt and peaked skullcap. His work for Doc Savage has been some of the poorest he's ever done.

Artists who have dared to break away from the Bama image have created some beautiful works. Richard Corben's work, while not everyone's cup of tea and really not in keeping with the Doc Savage we've come to know and love, nevertheless did capture the feel of Farmer's Doc Caliban quite atmospherically. Jordi Penalva's fantastic cover for the Playboy Press Edition of A FEAST UNKNOWN goes a step further and injects some real Savage into both Doc AND Pat, and captures Tarzan credibly as well ... and not a hint of Bama anywhere! Roger Kastelman's illo for the film poster, while based on the Bama image, verges away enough to give a totally different look to the character while retaining the feeling of barely-restrained power. True, it's a bit static compared to Bama's overtensed figures, but the feeling's there.

In 1972, just before Marvel launched it's ill-fated Doc Savage color comic -- again based on the Bama image to the point of absurdity -- several Marvel artists contributed there visions of the characters, which were displayed along with Steranko's own portrait in a centerfold in COMICSCENE #1. Of the five artists involved, only Steranko himself and Gene Colan did a non-Bama portrayal [the beard Mike Ploog added doesn't count -- he was just trying to update the character to the 70s, Neal Adams' GREEN ARROW then being a pacesetter] and only Steranko's concept tried to do what no one -- Baumhofer or Bama included -- had done before: model his image on the descriptions in the pulps!

He did fairly well, later claiming that his version inspired George Pal to abandon both the Bama and Baumhofer images for this newer look. Maybe, maybe not -- only Pal could've told us and he is unfortunately no longer available for consultation. But Steranko's version DOES match Doc Savage as he is described by Dent, although the costume he wears is purely Steranko's notion [but a good one -- a pity it too did not make it to the screen if what Steranko claims is true] and not totally derivative of the pulps.

Ken Barr did the covers for the Marvel B&W comic magazines, ala Bama, and although he's done some wonderful stuff elsewhere, he [like Boris] seems to have done less than his best for Doc. He seems to have read a lot of muscle magazines while researching, for his Doc has biceps like footballs, pectorals like frisbees and a set of varicose veins in his arms. He also seems to be growing moss on his chin, which might account for his look of teeth-gritting discomfort. Barr also did the recent Playboy Press reprint of DOC SAVAGE: HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE, but here again he seems to have given more research to mercenary/adventurer magazines than to the Doc Savage stories. His Doc sports a S.W.A.T. vest, a FRAGMENTATION grenade and a commado combat knife! Worst of all, the machine pistol sports not a ram's horn CLIP -- there are instead two magazines from a Tommy gun! -- but a ram's horn GRIP. The handle of Doc's pistol is the ACTUAL HORN OF A RAM!

This happened because Ken Barr was so intent on capturing the "image" of Doc Savage -- from the gospel according to Bama -- that he completely lost track of the substance of Doc Savage. This, then, is the Bama Legacy: that we are so wrapped up in the form that we lose all touch with the spirit. And it applies equally to the Baumhofer image, for we are so intent on recapturing that golden-eyed man with the strayed forelock that we forget all about the beautiful illustrations of Paul Orban and Edd Cartier, and overlook the fact that Robert G. Harris' Doc and Emory Clarke's Doc are NOT shadows of the Baumhofer look, but stylistically unique and deserving of recognition in their own right.

Two children's versions of Doc Savage have been released in recent years. At the time of the film, Golden Press issued six hardcover versions -- heavily editied to remove any offensive ethnic dialect and update terms like "autogyro" to "helicopter" -- with interesting covers by Ben Otero which, while following the Bama line with regards shirts and peaked hairline, presented still anothe "look". Otero's Doc parted his hair, which ducktailed slightly but had a metallic sheen heretofor missing! The interior illos by Arnie Kohn tried to compromise between Otero, Bama and Ron Ely ... and failed miserably. Still, they have a certain naive charm [as, I suppose, do all illustrations for the less discerning and critical eye of children] and Kohn did his research: Doc flies a P-26 Peashooter in MAN OF BRONZE and the supermachine pistols are depicted as overgrown Colt .45s just as Dent described them.

Skylark's ill-fated digest comic book, with Bama's cover illo from RED SNOW and Maurice Whitman's interior B&W drawings, is an example of how NOT to adapt Doc Savage. Again, he relied to heavily on the form -- he used the movie characterizations, but his research was so shoddy he switched Long Tom and Renny! -- and lost the substance. Doc flies a French Dessault bizjet and uses a pushbutton phone, so this seems to be in modern times, but otherwise there is nothing to indicate chronology. But in an example of overweaning attention to detail without checking the facts, Whitman shows Chaac in a tuxedo with a loincloth over it -- apparently keying on the line in MAN OF BRONZE [page 92] "Dressed in an evening suit, Chaac would have been a distinct credit to any banquet table in New York" while not going on to read the line IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING: "He wore a maxtli, or broad girdle, of red ..."

As long as we insist upon putting Bama and Baumhofer on pedastals and copying them insteading of creating newer and more exact images of Doc Savage, we will continue to generate trash of this sort. Bama's and Baumhofer's works are as good as they are because they attempted to capture the characters essence -- the controversy

arose in the first place because Bama's version differs so greatly from Baumhofer's and yet for millions of readers captures that rare essence that is Doc even though the written description and the painted image differ so vastly.

Should we not, then, look to some newer and fresher artist capturing a still more different visual image that is true to the essence and being, rather than copy the styles we loved because they were so inimitable? Should we not call for some ultrarealistic artist -- a Neal Adams or Michael Whelan or Lou Feck -- to envision their own version of Doc rather than cram the Bama image down there throats? I'd rather see a totally new Jordi Penalva cover than a dozen imitation Bamas by Bob Larkin. Much as I loved Bama, I'd prefer to scrap his image of Doc than see it put forth by lesser talents like some kind of oil and acrylic zombie.

As fans of stories written before most of us were born, we of necessity look to the past and those glorious days of Baumhofer and Bama. But we must also remember to look ahead, as Doc himself did, to newer and better times. To cling to one image and say "This alone is the truth!" is to fly in the face of all Doc himself believed and taught us believe through his wondrous example.

So let's take a closer look at the Orbans and the Penalvas, the Cartiers and Sterankos, the Oteros and Kastelmans and Corbens ... for if we do not live for the future and demand the best, we will continue to be served trash. Or worse ...

Those who do not learn the lessons of the past are doomed to repeat them!

(Seen any new Doc Savage's lately?)

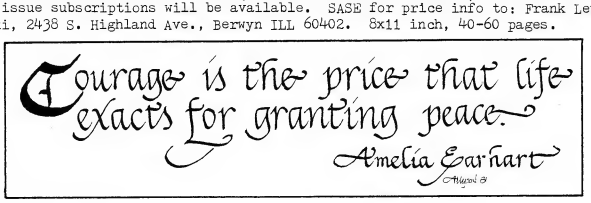
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Re DOC SAVAGE COMICS 1, the cover illo is from the original PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC (July 1933/Bantam 197) if I'm not mistaken — a Baumhofer.

DOC SAVAGE Zine reviews & Notes continued from last issue

Venture was a zine put out by Tom Guthery IV in 1978 & 79. Since there was not room in this issue (due to lack of ads) thought I'd give it a mention here. The second issue of Venture is a sci/fi/fantasy issue while Venture #3 is about the Doc Savage movie in 1976. The two backissues are 25¢ each plus stamp. Tom Guthery 4, 5008 Westgate Blvd #102, Austin TX 78745. It is 5x8 inches, 32 pages

NEMESIS INC. Speaking of Doc Savage, I called Frank Lewandowski Jr and he says the long-awaited first issue of Nemesis Inc will come out in November after the postal rate increase. Issue #1 is 90% done (issue #2 is 75% and #3 is 25%). It covers all the pulp heroes with an article specificly on Doc Savage done by Dafydd Neal Dyar in each issue (the first is Bronze Genesis). Single issues and 4 issue subscriptions will be available. SASE for price info to: Frank Lewandowski, 2438 S. Highland Ave., Berwyn ILL 60402. 8x11 inch, 40-60 pages.



Personally I am always ready to learn, although I do not always like being taught. —Sir Winston Churchill

Feel free to send in contributions typed for the items ($1 sub. credit given)

WHAT TIME IS IT The American Indians used sunrise to sunset as their smallest unit of time. The beginning and ending of years were marked by snows. Koreans went by the ripening of cucumbers while for the Swedish peasant it was the Rye harvest or the potato harvest. The Butaks of Sumatra counted time as intervals between smallpox epidemics. The ancient Egytians were apparently among the first to measure time more precisely. Whoever designed Stonehedge in England in the ancient times did so not only to pinpoint days in the year but also the seasons and even such events as solar eclipse. Mayan civilization was among the first to take leap year into account for long range time keeping and had a numbering system specificly for dates (see last issue). Since the next issue of DSQ wont be until late January, Happy Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hanukkah, & New Year!

American Indians once believed that clouds were caused by bats smoking tobacco.

NEW YORK'S FIRST PNEUMATIC GO-DEVIL NY City officials were surprised one day in 1870 to recieve invitations to visit a new subway at Broadway and Murray St. No one had known it was being built or even what a subway is. The inventor, A E Beach, showed them a 21 foot high underground metal casing holding two gigantic steam fans which generated a terrific current of wind to blow a barrel-shaped car along on three rails. While the city had used the pneumatic principle for mailing tubes in buildings, the officials were wary of having people travel that way; so they had the block long subway closed down.

THE REAL UNICORN Of all the strange creatures depicted in Doc Savage adventures I don't recall one which involved unicorns. Perhaps Lester Dent (the most often real name of Kenneth Robeson) did not think readers would relate to such beings. The unicorns originally described in ancient stories were usually the bearded goat-like animals with a single horn. The Bible describes (or rather mentions) a one-horned animal which has been translated as unicorn, rhino, or ox. Over the years artists decided a horse was better and so the change came.

The Greek writer Ctesias around 400BC described an animal in India about the size of a small horse with white body, blue eyes, and in its forehead a single horn one cubit long (a cubit is the measurement of 18 inches from ones elbow to the tip of ones fingers). In China the unicorn was written of in 2700BC and was seen at the time of Confucius' birth.

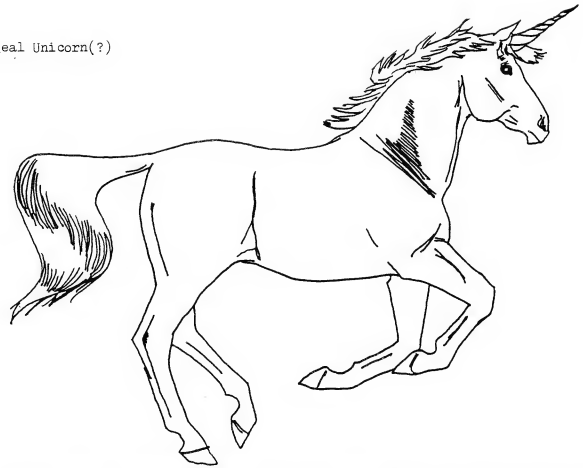
In ancient times, natives of southeast Asia used rubber to make torches and to waterproof baskets and other articles.

But the unicorn was originally, and still is, a single horned goat. I know because I saw one on a local California TV newscast last year. It has since grown enough that by early May of 1981 it was being displayed in San Francisco and broadcast on Network TV news. It appeared to me that this unicorn was produced by breeding goats selectivly until the 2 horns were so close that they grew together (I see a dark line down the center of the horn). The unicorn's owners state that they will announce how it's done as soon as it's patented.

The original unicorn, however, is most often depicted with a twisted single horn like that of the odd ocean dwelling Narwhal (in fact, up until last 100 years, Narwhal horns up to 9 feet long were sold as supposed proof of the validity of the unicorn story). Of coarse the unicorn goat horn is much shorter and in fact the Jules Verne story 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea speculated in the first chapter whether or not a Narwhal could use its long horn to punch holes in ships (it didn't. In fact the Narwhal's hollow lance-like horn is so fragile that it would break off on most ship hulls).

Anyway it is my understanding that the ancients bred these same goats but twisted the horn and sharpened it. Goats have long been used to keep sheep company and use their horns to help guard the simple-minded wool producers.

The Real Unicorn(?)



A sharp single horn-goat (generally an ill tempered beast) would be more than conversation piece to an attacker in the middle of the night. My sisters have sheep, goats, and horses and I have noticed that not only the goats lower their heads when threatened, the horses do also. The knights of yore used to take advantage of this and put one or more horns (generally short stubby affairs like hood ornaments) on the forehead of their horse when riding into battle. So a horn on a horse, whether held there by leather and chain-mail, or somehow grown by equine selective breeding, would be most useful.

In the 15th and 16th centuries, Scotland had a gold coin known as the Unicorn because it had one depicted on the obverse side. There was also a Doc Savage general info zine called AGE OF THE UNICORN which was put out until last year which mentioned more history about the mythological beast in their first issue.

CLARK SAVAGE SR (continued from last issue) Clark Savage, the early years

Ah, but back to work. What good is it to daydream. Work, work, work. Got to be ready for the day when all this training would be needed. When it would be a matter of life and death. While soldiers were dying yesterday where was he? Arguing with an astronomer over whether or not a ninth planet could exist. It just wasn't fair. Why the war would be over by Christmas according to the news papers. Clark went back to his studies. Another year went by.

The occasional telegram from some part of the world was his only fatherly contact much of the time. Today one came from a military hospital somewhere in the European theater of conflict.

HOPE YOU ARE WELL. THE SEVEN SEAS HAD A DISAGGREEMENT WITH GERMAN TORPEDO AND IS NO MORE. MYSELF AND MOST OF CREW RESCUED. DO NOT WORRY AS WILL FIND ANOTHER SEVEN SEAS SOMEDAY. CLARK SAVAGE, SR.

Just like dad to be more worried about everything but himself. Dammit. Should have been there instead of here.

Clark gazed out the window. A flimsey fabric covered frame stood out on a level field where he would use it for another flying lesson. The plane wasn't up to date on gadgetry but it tought the basics. And a couple of years ago it it had been the brand new product of Glenn Curtiss from Buffalo, NY.

Clark wondered if... if they would take an under age flyer... after all, everyone said he looked like a college student athlete (which was technically, if not chronolically correct). But no, not yet. Must learn to fly better than most before trying anything like that. Months later Clark looked out the window at the snow.

"It's now or never," he thought. After all the Army Air Corps had accepted his qualifications. He hated to leave, but, as one of his teachers liked to say, such is life.

That night he eased out the window and left. He hated to do something behind the instructor's backs, especially Jerome Coffern. The young chemeistry professor was more of a father than Clark Sr. He made a mental note to write and let them know he was OK. It was a promise he was almost not allowed to keep.

Within two months he was pressed into service on long distance spy missions over enemy territory, keeping one eye looking for German planes while taking hand signals from the observor in the second seat.

It all happened so fast. Clark landed from his first mission at the new French airstrip. He killed the engine and surveyed the damage to the left wing. The observer slowly reached the undamaged lower left wing, leaving a small trail of crimson down the side of the plane. His left arm fell heavily as he stepped to the ground. Clark swung down in a single motion like a dark jungle cat and went over to check on him.

"Let me see that arm, Sir."

Observer Bernard Witherspoon held his left arm supported with his right hand. "You are a doctor too?"

"I have done medical research and assisted in medical operations."

"Alright then, doc, take a glom at this beaut."

Clark carefully checked the arm. He slowly slit the long sleeve of the shirt with the folding knife Clark Sr had sent him from Switzerland.

"Any pain?"

"No, I hardly feel a thing."

"It is the mild state of shock. When it wears off you had better have had some treatment. The bullet continued thru so there is no danger of lead poisoning. Nothing serius as war injuries go."

Clark walked him to the small office that served as a clinic. They cleaned the wound and dressed it. The army used officers for observors while the pilots sere considered simply someone to drive the airplane. Clark's instructor, only a few years older than him, was striding in his direction.

"Well Clark, I hear you saw some action on your first mission. You remembered the manouvers I tought you to avoid the enemy Hun?"

"Yes sir, Mr. Wentworth. We were attacked by two German biplanes. I flew away from the sun up into a group of clouds. Once inside I pulled sharply to one side and doubled back to exit from the same side. We continued on for two minutes, then renewed the planned strategy by a slightly different route to the target area. The mission was successful although my observor did lose a little blood. The plane also suffered slight structural damage."

"Any landing you walk away from is a good one, Clark. You will improve. And in a war just getting back at all is a good accomplishment."

Clark saluted and headed for his sleeping quarters. The next day rain sogged the field and grounded the flyers. Later on in the week Clark flew two

two missions without incident. On his fourth mission the plane was shot up pretty badly. He and the observor escaped with a minimum of bodily damage but the plane would not fly again for a couple of mission days at least.

Clark asked to take his new plane, a Spad, for a test flight to get the feel of the new plane. Request denied. The blunt reason was if he cracked up it might as well be on a mission. Fortunatly there was no enemy plane contact on the next flight while he adjusted to the new plane and it's somewhat different design. After another mission he raised eyebrows by declining a post as a dashing flyer in one of the top fighter squadrons (which had come mostly due to his instructor's recommendation).

"I don't want to kill people."

"They are not people, they're the enemy."

"Their government is the enemy, they are people."

Clarks superiors went away shaking their heads.

It was now months since he had joined the war directly and he had finally found the time (and courage) to write his instructors as to his whereabouts. The first replies came during mail call, one from his agricultural teacher, Mr. Burbank. He was angry, of coarse, but that did not stop his curiosity from wanting to know if Germany would have enough crops to be self supporting after the war. Normally he could not reply to such a query but Luther was a government consultant so Clark did get a reply thru and added that yes, he would be careful. The most difficult to reply was to his chemistry teacher, who had been unable to hide his hurt feeling. Clark sent a long letter, but it did not seem adequate. He mailed the letters and waited for the rain to stop.

The next day sunshine baked the mud into a semistable mass. Clark swung up and checked his new innovation, a series of still cameras under the plane which he could set off by remote control one at a time from the cockpit. With a last look at the windsock as the engine roared to life, he eased forward.

"Bring it back in one piece, Doc," shouted a mechanic good naturedly. The nickname had been coined by his observer and had stuck.

Doc bounced down the makeshift airstrip and took to the air. Two fighter planes followed him as far as the border where they veered off for different missions. Doc's plane droned on toward his photographic enemy target. The Allies wanted to know about troop movements daily if possible. Five miles from the goal he noticed a sound in the distance over his own engine noise. Probably no other pilot could have but he had been trained by a master to disregard nearby sounds no matter how loud when watching for danger.

Then he saw it. Five planes at 2 O'Clock high. No clouds to hide in and an untested machine gun for protection. The five red planes came closer and changed coarse into his direction. Doc checked the gun magazines. He would aim for the vulnerable parts of the planes if possible. As three planes began a slow circle, one plane led a second in an attack run. No emotion showed on Doc's tanned face as he raised the nose to meet the threat head on. Outrunning them would be foolish, they would have shot up his plane before he was even close to friendly territory.

As they came into range both planes began their gun roar of death almost simultaniously. Doc replied in same. He yanked hard on the control and passed the deadly duo. He gained altitude then whipped around in a tactic he had learned from studying the attack flights of falcons. The two crimson planes were still in the process of turning as Doc swooped down on them. He fired bursts of bullet streams to slice off chunks of wing from one of the planes with surgical precision. The other biplane was starting to return fire as the first headed slowly earthward. The other three dropped to finish Doc off.

DOC,THE EARLY YEARS continued next issue in January.

THE BURNING OF DOC SAVAGE (Written especially for THE DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY)

by Dickson Thorpe*

What you are about to read is true. It happened a few summers ago in Indiana out along a back farm roadside not far from the town of Churubusco. I had always reasoned that because of the vast numbers of pulp magazines printed during their hayday that not all of them ended up in second hand stores across the country. I thought maybe a great many were just stored in the attics of all the old farm houses, left alone to rot away. Just forgotten.

One day I was driving slowly down this dirt pathway just enjoying the afternoon. Up ahead on the corner surrounded by corn as tall as some elephants' eyes, stood a real old farm house. It was in the process of being demolished. Torn down. There was a great deal of activity in the yard where someone had a good fire going. On impulse I turned in, stopped and got out. I wandered over towards the fire just as one of the men tossed an old box into the flames.

The top came open and out tumbled a magazine. I knew instantly it had to be a pulp because of the shape and the advertising on the back. It happened to be for Chesterfield cigarettes.



Note: * The name Dickson Thorpe is a pseudonym often used by Nick Carr. It is a combination of his mother's maiden name and that of his cousin, mystery writer John Dickson Carr.

"Don't Let them burn that box!" I shouted, almost leaping into the fire. Just then the cover of that magazine somehow curled up as a red tongue eased itself along the edge of the paper, it eagerly devoured the black color, then crawled greedily across the last letter "E".

"You're burning up Doc Savage!" I shouted. "For God sake, man, do something!' The heat drove me backwards. Now the glow touched just close to the outer fringes of the bronze man's hair. The border of his red and green tie began to smoulder. I didn't know whether to just jump up and down or cry.



My eyes rested on his, those twin pools of flake-gold. Then almost immediately a trail of blinding white smoke covered everything for a long time. I never did see the title of that particular story. After the cremation was all over I asked permission to check around and see if any other old magazines might still be hidden.

I found one pulp, a September 9, 1939 issue of Argosy Weekly Considering all of the circumstances it was in excellent shape and had stories inside by Arthur Leo Zagat, Luke Short, and Samuel W. Taylor. The farmer just gave me the pulp. Maybe he thought I was still in a state of shock. A few minutes afterwards I got back into my car and drove away still feeling the loss. I'll probably never forget that particular burning of Doc Savage. I could not help but think that if somebody just had a pickup and all the time in the world he could go up and down all the back roads in Indiana and maybe even Kansas just looking for magazines like those. A lot of those people just never throw anything away.

The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read.

—Mark Twain

Recently, while searching through my pulps for possible reading material, I came across a few Doc Savage pulps that didn't sound too familiar---either I'd read these years ago, or maybe they had just been forgotten while I was reading some other stories. Anyway, I took them from the shelf and once again thrilled to the adventures of 'The Man of Bronze'.

In the hope that readers might find a colume in the Doc Savage Quarterly, dealing with some of the pulp stories, of interest. I decided to jot down a few notes. My first will be on "DEATH IN LITTLE HOUSES", the October 1946 issue of Doc Savage Magazine.

The story begins with Doc arriving in Chicago, to visit an old friend---a scientist who is lecturing at Northwestern University. Doc is unable to contact the scietist, and shortly he is found murdered. Almost immediately Doc and two of his aids--Monk and Ham, run into a strange group of men; large, powerful men with long hair and long beards, wearing robes. The plot takes place strictly around Chicago and its surrounding area. Also involved is a young lady, 'Speed' Calloway, who talks like a truck driver. Doc soon learns that Speed owns a trucking firm. The mystery unravels, revealing that a big crook, using escaped convicts, is scheming to make millions from production of prefabricated houses--stealing blueprints and patents from scientists, then murdering them.

The story was quite good, though short. Doc's aids are in top form, though Doc himself is badly beaten by the bearded men--within an inch of his life. He only escapes by pretending death. The plot was sad, being such a short novel, but the action was fast and plentiful. The story was strange in one aspect, though. The story, plot and action was very similar to those stories by Lester Dent, but it just wasn't the same. Actually I thought this story was even better than some of those by Dent during this same period. In a lot of ways this one was patterned from those stories written during the late '30s and early '40s. Only shorter, and without the many twists, captures and escapes from the novels of that period. In curiosity, I looked up this novel in Will Murray's DUENDE. And there it was, listed in the novels written by William Bogart, who had written several of the longer stories during the late 1930's and 1940's. Bogart was an old hand at scripting the Doc Savage adventures, and this story written in 1946 was a delight!

My next 'pulp notes' will be on the January 1947 issue titled "Target For Death", another Doc Savage adventure by Kenneth Robeson/William Bogart.

Note-The next issue of DSQ will also have an installment of Tom Johnson's FADING SHADOWS series titled "Yesterday's Heroes"



• "According to local legend, this mountain was once the home of a great thunderbird."

JIU SAN

A malevolent new leader has risen to terrorize the Western world. No one knows who he is. Doc, his crew, and a blonde war correspondent risk everything to find out. But to get the answers, they must face the death-dealing powers of a madman on the nighttime streets of a city known for its bloodthirsty killers — Yokohama!

THE BLACK, BLACK WITCH

A frantic message from occupied France lures Doc and Monk into a midnight trap behind Nazi lines. First, they must escape from the enemy. Second, they must risk their lives to thwart the horrifying 400-year-old evil of Peterpence — before it destroys the entire world!

READ ALL OF THE DOC SAVAGE® NOVELS!
GET THEM WHERE BANTAM PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD.

When Tarzan was first described in print in 1912, his biographer in fiction Edgar Rice Burroughs (born 9-1-75) had no way of knowing how popular it would become. He never visited Africa and based the jungles he described on those in Latin America. His Tarzan stories have been translated into over 56 languages according to the Encyclopedia Britannica and have gone into comic strips (still running), movies, TV and radio versions. Burroughs happened to be at Pearl Harbor in December 1941 and thus became a Los Angeles Times correspondent, the oldest reporter in the South Pacific during WW2 (but that's another story).

A town in California where he lived out his life (died 1950) was named Tarzana in honor of his character (as is a town in Texas). Tarzan used his parent's books to teach himself the English language and a superior education. Being brought up by animals which were a sort of missing link between apes and humans, he was also fluent in ape language and had no trouble communicating with most jungle animals (ERB printed a large Ape language/English word list consisting of a few hundred words. Because primates do not have the proper mouth to make sounds neccessary for human language, in the mid 1970's a researcher by the name of Susan Savage and her husband Duane Rumbaugh invented a language they called Yerkish, which 2 chimps later learned to use to 'talk' to the humans).

In 1981 the 45th Tarzan movie was made which everyone who knows of Tarzan agrees is the worst version ever. In it Tarzan has the intelligence of a three year old and has trouble with any language. He seems to be in the movie mainly (as John Hook notes) to show off Bo Derek. The movie was originally rated X for pornographic content so ERB Inc sued and got a court order cutting out enough to raise it to an R rating (this still means no one under 17 can see it without an adult). In US Magazine, John Derek said, "Bo isn't really an actress ((and I tend to agree. Ed.))" "After 10, I had to do something more absurd and bigger than life," added Bo. I wondered what ERB Inc had to say about the new movie and so wrote them. I was answered by a large packet of Tarzan info from Danton Burroughs (no comment relating to the 1981 film in the attached note), from which some of the following is borrowed.

Edgar Rice Burroughs' first published work was an interplanetary adventure romance which appeared serially in All-Story Magazine from February to July 1912 entitled UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS and issued in book form starting in 1917. The idea of placing an Earthman on another planet brought an entirely new direction to science fiction. His superb storytelling ability, his exciting and intricatly constructed plots, gripped the imagination of the pulp-reading public and set a pattern that inspired a flood of swash-buckling science-fiction during the 20s and '30s (Flash Gordon & Buck Rogers spring to mind. Both used state-of-the-art special effects in their movies). ERB's Mars stories were based on the idea prevalent among astronomers (that Mars was a red, dying, almost waterless world) most ardently promulgated by astronomer Percival Lowell of Arizona (who in 1905 predicted that there was a ninth planet, which was later discovered in 1930).

Mars was supposedly long ago depleted of most of its internal heat, water & air but still thinly populated by a variety of plants & animals including some humanoids who ERB wrote had built the canals to get water from the melting ice at the poles. The 3 intelligent beings were giant white apes, cruel green six-limbed men, and handsome red-skinned humans. Burroughs came close to prophecy when he wrote of radioactive Radium bombs and a kind of radar as wellas many other innovations.

But to get back to Tarzan, did you know 16 different actors have played the title role? Not Sherlock Holmes, James Bond, or any other perennial movie favorite can rival the Ape Man's longevity, box office drawing power, international fame or cumulative screen time. The first movie was in 1918, Tarzan of the Apes just 6 years after its publication in All-Story Magazine. Opening on Broadway, the film was one of the 1st to gross over $million. A sequal, Romance of Tarzan,

(concluded in next issue due to lack of space due to no advertizing)

All summer we (the public in general and the pulp community in particular) have been subjected to a media blitz concerning RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK." Now I don't go out to the movies much anymore, preferring to read at home and to watch whatever movies are available on cable TV stations such as HBO and Showtime. However, recently, out of respect to the opinions of loyal friends and fellow fans, I did venture out to see the much publicized RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. It is a good action/adventure film -- no more and no less. I enjoyed it but was never on the edge of my seat, surprised, or captivated by the characters. While in the theater a major stroke of luck did come my way though-- I saw the previews for ESCAPE FOR NEW YORK and went back to see it the next day.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK is an outrageous futuristic action/adventure film from John Carpenter ((Known for gory shock films, Ed)). The premis of the movie you probably know by now: by 1997 New York City has become one big prison, sealed off from the outside, where prisoners are sent never to return. The President's plane goes down into the city and the chief executive is held hostage by a group of delightfully degenerate criminals headed up by the Duke of New York (Isaac Hayes). The Chief of the United States Police Force (Lee Van Cleef) sends in a hardened criminal named Snake (Kurt Russell) to rescue the President. This is where the fun really begins. ESCAPE is pure pulp -- bizarre, outrageous and fantastic. It is a thoroughly enjoyable movie and once Snake enters New York the action and excitement are non-stop. I never knew what would happen next in this film for it is filled with plot twists, surprises, and hold-onto-your-seat whirlwind adventure. This is a real corker!

The performances by all concerned are outstanding. Kurt Russell manages to escape his Disney image as the vicious Snake, the wonderfally cold, cruel Lee Van Cleef is back with a vengence, and the supporting cast is equally excellent including Issac Hayes, Ernest Borgnine, and Adrienne Barbeau. This may not be the best action/adventure film that I will see ever but it is close enough. Unfortunately Escape has been overshadowed by the media coverage of RAIDERS." Sorry folks -- critics and fans -- for my money ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK has RAIDERS beat hands down and no contest. Go out and have fun at the movies again -- see ESCAPE ((Note, ESCAPE is rated R for violence and language))

CANNONBALL RUN: A Movie Review by Bill Laidlaw

Cannonball Run is a (nonlegal) race from New York to Los Angeles. My favorite scene is when they are held up by road construction and a motorcycle gang rides up. The 40 or so gang members have surrounded a city businessman and it looks bad when one of the racers (Dom DeLuise) dons a hood and cape to become Captain Chaos! He leaps to the center of it and starts literally throwing bad guys right and left into the air. He has no superpowers of coarse, but the idea gives him courage. Some gang members drag two women racers into a building and he races to their aid, soon afterwards they are thrown out throughwalls, doors, etc. Ten more mount an attack at the front of the shack so Chaos pushes the porch roof on them. The other racers (Burt Reynolds, Sammy Davis, Dean Martin, Adrienne Barbeau, Roger Moore, and others) have joined the free-for-all by the time the road is cleared and all the racers leave then. Except one Japanese driver and his assistant, who considers it a matter of honor to stay. A chair wielding tough (Peter Fonda) and ten others are soon left wondering what happened as fast action martial arts come into play. They then return to their car (which is equipted with both normal and infrared headlites used with special goggles). Roger Moore drives a Lotus with a smoke screen which he uses along with oil to excape pursuers (he plays a millionair who thinks he's a spy named Roger Moore) Capt Chaos finishes the race 1st but leaves before it's official to rescue a lady's poodle from drowning. The comedy movie is based on a real race, in which one driver had a Rolls Royce rebuilt to a top speed of 300mph (he likes to drive fast in oil-rich Mexico) and another was an asian driver who had a friend in Japan so that he could tell cops who stopped him to call his boss (auto tester).

"Deep in the heart of Africa, we find Doc Savage and his trusted assistant Monk. The savages are being stirred up to revolt against the European Government which rules them. Von Guyter, an agent for another foreign power which wants control of the territory, is supplying the natives with rifles. Knowing that the natives would be slaughtered by the Government troops if they revolted, Doc Savage goes into the jungle to find Von Guyter and to make peace with the savages. At this moment the natives are performing a war dance."

That opening paragraph sets the plot for the 6 page story of Doc Savage in "Shadow Comic #1". Shadow Comic #1 hit the newstand, either in the later months of 1939 or at least by March 1940. Since "Doc Savage Comic #1" came out around May 1940, this story will mark Docs' very first appearance in comic book format.

This short story captures the Doc Savage of the pulps- narrow escapes, pretty woman, nasty villian and plenty of action.

For the readers of DSQ, I will try to recap on a per-page basis, Docs' first comic book story.

Page 1 - Doc Savage is introduced to the readership with the following:

"Doc Savage is a remarkable man. Not only is he a scientist-an expert in such fields as chemistry, electricity, geology and hundreds of subjects- but he also possesses the strenght of ten ordinary men. With tremendous forces of brain and brawn at his command, Doc Savage has made it his life work to aid the oppressed the world over. His face and body sunburned a deep tan, he is known as -
The Man of Bronze."

This page was divided in three panels. The first panel introduced Doc and the second panel set the plot. The third panel had Doc and Monk observing the natives.

Page 2 - On this seven panel page three things happen.

Doc and Monk find the cache of rifles and the author states:

"Doc Savage digs down into his bag of tricks in order to be one jump ahead of the natives."
"The liquid explosive is one of Doc Savage's secret formula"
As Doc stated "This explosive chemical will solidfy around the bullet"

Monk and Doc discover a dead man, and a message that was scrawled with the words

KONING HUIS

As Doc tells Monk - "Koning Huis- in Africander that means King's House. He probably meant the Chiefs hut. Lets see what we can find there."

As Doc and Monk enter the village the author notes- "The village is deserted. All the natives are attending the war dance- to celebrate the arrival of the rifles."

Page 3 - In these eight panels the reader is introduced to the woman, the villian and how Doc was fooled by the message.

"Inside the hut they find a white girl trussed and bagged"

As she explains "I'm Mary Fuller. My father was an ivory trader. He overheard Von Guyter's plans. He killed my father here- in front of my eyes, then took him away. It was terrible."

Doc, after hearing the story by Mary, realized that the message could not have been written by her father. At that moment Von Guyter appears in the doorway, automatic in hand.

Page 4 - On this eight panel page, the reader sees a hair raising escape from certain death.

Mary, Monk and Doc are shown being tied securely, within the opening scenes. Then Von Guyter sets fire to the hut. Inside the burning hut, Doc tells Monk, "Quick Monk. Rub your shoe against my belt buckle."

The author explains, "The buckle proves to be a compressed sulfur compound, another Doc Savage secret. Friction is applied, it ignites like the head of a match and shoots out a flame like a blow torch."

With this flame, Doc burns off the ropes. When they are free, Doc throws a liquid chemical on the flames. Under cover now of a heavy black smoke, they escape into the jungle.

Page 5 - On this eight panel page the reader witnesses the show down between the savges, Von Guyter and Doc Savage.

Von Guyter - "What! You still alive? Shoot him down like a dog."

Doc - "Don't shoot! He gave you devil guns- no good! He no friend"

Author - The savage pulls the trigger and an astounding thing happens. The rifle explodes in his face. The liquid explosive which Doc Savage and Monk poured into the barrels does its work."

In mortal fear the natives drop the "Devil guns" and flee.

Von Guyter - "So you meddling fool- I'll kill you myself"

Doc is now face to face with this heartless killer (remember he shot Mary's father in front of her eyes). The reader must turn the page to find out what is to become of Doc.

Page 6 - Eight panels.

Monk by throwing a rock knocks the gun from Von Guyter's hand. Before Doc can react, a spear, thrown by the chief, ends Von Guyter reign of terror.

The chief and Doc become friends. The chief then organizes a safari to lead Monk, Mary and Doc back to civilization. In the last four panels, Doc informs Mary that a friend in London will give a her a position for gainfull employment.

And once again Doc tells Monk:

"Our work is not finished. We must continue to aid those that need our help"

And with those words our Doc Savage story comes to a conclusion.

The art work in this issue is far superior to the art work found in Doc Savage Comics #1. The art work in this story was fair, but closer to the characters represented in Doc Savage pulps in the very late 30's. Monk was drawn very close to the Pulp characterization. One of the things that was distracting was the inconsistency of the art work from panel to panel. Overall the representation was close to the pulps.

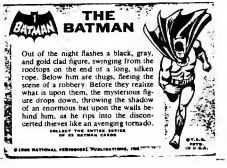
In the next to the last panel on the last page, Monk is shown with a pipe, which goes along with the habit he had in the pulps. So I know that the artist or author read the pulps. Another item that matched the pulps was Doc's warning to the natives before firing the rifles. Doc always seem to warn his enemies.

As stories go, this was one of the better Doc Savage stories, appearing in Shadow Comics. There is also a story about how Monk joined Docs' group, and another story where Doc combats "EVIL", which was the longest story, it was stretched over 5 issues of Shadow comics.

If the fans that read DSQ, like this format, or suggest a a different way I can present some of these stories, or would like to hear about other Doc savage stories that appeared in the comics, you are welcome to write.

Thank you,

Steve Wawrzenski
PO Box 951
Fredericksburg VA 22401





No sensation quite compares with putting your foot on a step that isn't there.

DOC SAVAGE and The Shadow

The tale was recounted by Smith & Street publications in the early 1940's (not a Doc Savage publication though). The Shadow is framed for a mysterious city-wide crime spree by invisible men, but Doc, Monk and Ham just saw the Shadow off for wartime Japan so it's up to them to clear him with the New York police and find the real culprets. Read about it in the next issue of DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY on January 15 (please order as soon as possible so I know how many to print up. Issue #7 almost sold out the day it was printed).

Also appearing in the next issue of action packed DSQ not at newsstands near u:

Tom Johnson's PULP NOTES: TARGET FOR DEATH
Bill Laidlaw's WAR-TIME DISNEY: HOW WALT FOUGHT FOR U.S.
Dafydd Neal Dyar's THE SWITCHEROO REVISITED
TARZAN'S movies continued (right up to Ron Ely)
DOC SAVAGE: THE EARLY YEARS continued (previously CLARK SAVAGE SR)
WHO IS NEVADA JIM? by Link Hullar
Shelby Peck's review of THE MAD GOBLIN
FADING SHADOWS: YESTERDAY'S HEROES by Tom Johnson

Plus items from Allyson Whitfield Dyar, Steve Wawrzenski, Samuel Joyner, Tom Guthery IV, and others who want it to be a surprise...

And now a word from our sponser. There isn't one. If you noticed this issue shrunk back to 20 pages it was not for lack of material. I simply can't afford over 20 pages without paid advertizing. DSQ can expand by at least one page for each page of paid ads (ie, one full page ad would expand DSQ to 22 pages). The following 2 ads are freebes instead of a complimentary issue to writers:

DOC SAVAGE for sale. Man of Bronze movie poster $8.50, Doc movie pressbook $4, audio (sound only, makes it sound like radio-its better that way) tape cassette of Doc movie $3, printed cardstock 11x14 Doctorate of Savagery with printed letter about movie from George Pal $2.50, Bantom Doc paperbacks $1.50 each, Doc pulps for trade. Want more Doc pulps and Doc zines. Bill Laidlaw, DSQ









HOLLYWOOD (AP) — Bill Bixby, Lesley Anne-Down, Olivia De Havilland and Helen Hayes have begun work in England on a CBS movie of Agatha Christie's "Murder Is Easy."

Rising star Armand Assante, Goldie Hawn's dashing fiance in "Private Benjamin," will star as the hard-boiled private eye in "I, the Jury," based on the Spillane book. Alan King plays a former underworld kingpin who assists detective Mike Hammer in the search for a killer. It is being filmed in L.A. this summer.

ONLY 15 OF 326 FILMS GOT G-RATINGS IN 1980

ONLY 15 of the 326 movies classified by the Motion Picture Association of America in 1980 were rated G, or suitable for persons of all ages.

A total of 129 films were rated PG, which suggests parental guidance, another 151 received an R.

MOVIES

(Top ten moneymakers according to Variety)

1. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Par) Harrison Ford searches for an ancient artifact and finds Grail.
2. *Superman II* (WB) The Man of Steel returns.
3. *Escape from New York* (Avco) Kurt Russell in a futuristic adventure.
4. *Endless Love* (U) Brooke Shields finds love with Martin Hewitt, but her parents disapprove.
5. *Stripes* (Col) Bill Murray takes on the New Army.
6. *For Your Eyes Only* (UA) Roger Moore as James Bond, again.



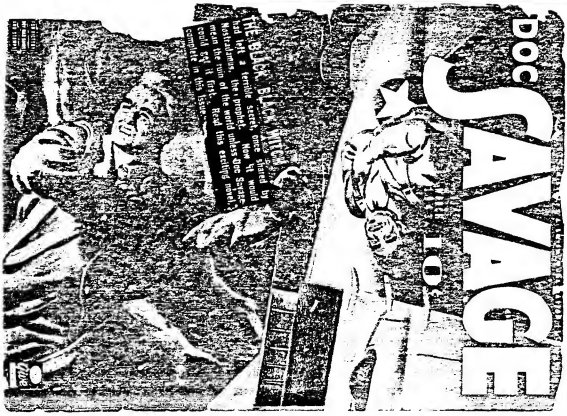
A. Cagney sounded fine on July 17 when he celebrated his 82nd birthday on his farm in upstate New York. Cagney recently returned to film in the movie version of the novel "Ragtime," though the picture still hasn't been released. He even has his next movie assignment in the bag. He starts work this month on "The Eagle of Broadway," about Western marshal-turned-New York newspaperman Bat Masterson.

Nearly fifty years after the death of Nostradamus, the authorities of Salon decided to remove his coffin to a place of greater importance at the church. When the casket was opened a small metal plate engraved with the date of his exhumation was found on the corpse's breastbone. Apparently Nostradamus had foreseen even this event.

Given the large number of predictions and their ambiguity, some of them were bound to be confirmed in some way. Nostradamus claimed that he could have given more exact dates and other details, were it not for fear of being accused of witchcraft. The controversy will probably never be resolved.

For additional information, see L. McCann, *Nostradamus—The Man Who Saw Through Time* (Creative Age, 1941) and C.A. Ward, *Oracles of Nostradamus* (Modern Library, 1940).





"PERHAPS THE DOCTORS CAN CUT OUT THE CANCER OF MY BRAIN WHICH MADE ME DO THOSE THINGS" quote in 1967 of Albert DeSalvo, known as the Boston Strangler